

Rampant by The Readers Muse

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan B., Nancy W., Steve H.

Pairings: Steve H./Jonathan B./Nancy W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-12 16:56:39

Updated: 2018-01-12 16:56:39

Packaged: 2019-12-17 03:36:51

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,387

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Up, up, up, up," he chanted breathlessly, grabbing Nancy and Jonathan off the couch two-handed.

Rampant

Disclaimer: I don't own Netflix's "Stranger Things" or any of its characters, wishful thinking aside.

Authors Note #1: Originally this was going to be an epilogue for "Eldritch" but it ended up not fitting in with how I wanted that fic to end. I was left with an intriguing paragraph of pure porn that didn't go anywhere and after sitting on it for a couple weeks- this happened.
– Set post season two.

Warnings: sexual content, anal sex, vaginal fingering, threesome, voyeurism, adult language, shameless pwp.

Rampant

"Up, up, up, up," he chanted breathlessly, grabbing Nancy and Jonathan off the couch two-handed. Fingers curling around burning-cold skin and bones so delicate he swore he felt half of them shift when he yanked them up after him. "My folks aren't home."

They were never home these days.

And even when they were they weren't *really* there.

Not for him anyway.

He caught Jonathan against the wall outside his room. Wanting it too much to think straight as Nancy yanked his shirt out of his jeans. Tugging at his belt loops like she could tow them into the bedroom by force alone.

It was stupid, but it made him plant his feet. He didn't want this the way they were *supposed* to. On a bed. In the dark. With Nancy looking all flushed and pretty beside him and Jonathan nowhere to be seen. That wasn't what they were. *Who they were*. It wasn't what they meant to each other when the rest of the world shuddered to a stop and let them just *be*.

Besides, he wanted it *now*.

He wanted Jonathan writhing against the wall.

Digging his fingers into the meat between his shoulder blades as his hips jerked.

Crying out like he'd damn near pulled something.

Pushing back.

Fighting for it.

Roughin' him up.

Showing him all that violence that hid under the kid's skin like a pot on slow boil.

The soft of Nancy's breasts against his spine only made it that much harder to focus as Jonathan pressed a rough, supplicating kiss across the corner of his mouth. Breathing raggedly the seam of his lips like a god damn *plead*. Making him twitch like a blown fuse when she dragged her lips – wet, but catchy-dry - down the muscles of his back. Mouthing at the sweat-soaked back of his shirt before pushing it up and over his head. Sparking static across his scalp as it hit the carpet at their feet.

Jonathan said something when he slid his hands down the kid's hips. Acres of skin he'd never thought he'd be allowed to touch. He didn't catch it, but Nancy did because suddenly she was right *there* - pressed between them. Rubbing up against them like some gorgeous tabby cat. Sphinx-like and randy for it. Getting both of them wound up when she raked her nails down Jonathan's chest. Grazing his nipples with the sharp of them until the kid's mouth dropped open and she got a moan out of the deal. Kissing the lines her nails left behind before she murmured their names in that low, husky voice that never failed to get him hard.

And not for the first time, he couldn't believe his fucking luck.

He'd made it to this point knowing that the math, the logistics, *hell*-even the chemistry behind this shit was simple. Anything other than normal – one girl, one guy and that happy fucking ending - was on a spectrum that ranged from bad to worse in most people's eyes.

So, he'd tried.

He'd played the part, waiting for it to be enough.

But it never had.

Not for him.

Because even when he'd had Nancy, there'd still been something missing.

And maybe they felt the same.

They had to, right?

They were here, weren't they?

He let go of a garbled sound when Jonathan sank his teeth into his neck with a desperate huff. Just shy of breaking skin and the last thing from gentle as he slammed his fist against the wall beside the kid's head. The drag of teeth was hard enough that for a long second he thought they'd drawn blood. Hard enough that his cock actually *jerked* like he was some sort of pervert.

Like it was something he'd been waiting for his entire damn life.

And he fucking loved it.

He went with it when his jeans hit the carpet. Pooling around his ankles as Nancy yanked his belt out of the loops. Keening and arcing up when he and Jonathan managed to grab her at the same time. Pulling her between them – into a space she fit into like breathing - as Jonathan's hands curled around one of the lacy cups of her bra.

He hazed out a swear at the sight.

So hard he could barely think straight.

It was everything he'd wanted.

Hell, it was more.

It was better than any fucking fantasy.

Because this was real.

His.

He nearly choked on his own tongue when small hands firmed around his cock. Jacking him slowly. Distracted and loose as Jonathan nosed into the sweat of Nancy's nape. Making him twitch, whimpering out a jumble of base sounds as he fought the urge to chase the friction.

He set his teeth into his lower lip when Jonathan's hands joined Nancy's. Fumbling awkwardly at first, like he was as new to this as he was, until he was shivering at the contrast. Chewing on the inside of his cheek as the callouses that covered Jonathan's palms added a new sensation into the mix. Feeling his sack draw up as Nancy whispered something that was barely a word and pressed a kiss into Jonathan's throat. Enjoying the way the kid seemed caught between shying away and demanding more. Reminding him of that first time with Nancy. When she'd been hungry for it, but hadn't really known what *'it'* was.

It was all there. All the ingredients to a familiar story, only completely different at the same time. There was skin against skin – tacky with sweat and saliva. Hands everywhere – tugging, pulling, *wanting*. The shaky rise of Jonathan's chest against his. There was hooded eyes and thin brown hair fucking everywhere. But best of all, Jonathan was *looking at him*. He was right there. *Present*. Like there was no where on earth he'd rather be than pressed up against him and Nancy. Pupils blown wide and searching his face like what happened next would be bare and easy for him to see.

But he didn't.

No, he wanted the kid to *ask* for it. To take it for his own or maybe just beg until he gave in and did the hard work for him. He wanted every awkward second of it. Anything else was cheating him out of his fair share. He wanted to make him spell it out just so he could see how sulky and flushed he'd get. Thin lips thinning even further as he eventually realized the game and got pissy about it. He wanted-

He reared back, tasting Nancy and Jonathan on his lips. Two parts musky and one sweet. Flicking his gaze in a lazy challenge before he

let his head thunk back against the wall. Feeling the echoes reverberate and spread as Jonathan made an abortive twitch. Sloe-eyed over the top of Nancy's head as she let her bra drop between them like a tell. Moving he could see Jonathan's cock bobbing freely, pressed up against her thigh. Pre-cum pearling thick in the slit before Nancy rolled her thumb through it. Spreading the slick until the crown of Jonathan's cock fucking *glistened*.

"Well?" he rasped hoarsely, tipping his head towards the door and the unmade bed barely visible in the winter shadows. "What are you waiting for?"

That was all it took for Jonathan to practically lunge at him. Something vicious and beautiful snapping like a high-wire under his skin as the kid yanked him bodily into the room with a base sound. Leaving Nancy to stumble in after them as he nearly clocked his head on the door-jam falling through it. Listening to the echoes of her laugh as they sounded out behind them - perfect, eager and breathless.

"I knew it," Nancy murmured later as he eased himself into Jonathan for the first time. Feeling like he was crammed full of lightening. There was no bite in it and anyway- he was trying too hard not to go off like a rocket for him to care either way. He could feel the points of his nails digging into Jonathan's hips like they were trying to make a home. Tasting the salt of his own salt beading down from his hair as he fought the need to just bury himself the rest of the way. Forcing himself to go slow as Jonathan's hands curled like claws into the coil-spring mattress underneath them. Scratching uselessly at the slippery threads as the sheet slipped off the corner with a weak elastic snap.

Holy Christ.

He made a point of dragging his finger through the cum that was splattered across the pale of Jonathan's belly, thighs and- *oh fuck*- even the underside of his chin as he pressed in the rest of the way. Punching out twinned groans as Nancy touched herself beside them, rippling the sheets. Teasing sweaty skin with uneven breathing as slowly, *so fucking slowly*, Jonathan started to move underneath him.

"I knew you'd like this...both of you. *God*, look at you..."

Her voice got unsteady and breathless at the end, reaching a peak that seemed to catch even her by surprise as Jonathan cracked a lid just to watch. Face crunched up like everything was too much. Like he couldn't possibly get hard again, even as his cock visibly twitched at the sight. Fattening up around the base like it didn't know how to quit.

And *fuck*- was that a turn on.

He got something more than pleasure out of it when Nancy's legs splayed open - flushed and soft - as her lashes fluttered. Not bothering to fight the lump in his throat as the three of them tangled fingers. Finding each other even as he started putting his back into it. Fighting Jonathan for a rhythm before he leaned down and forced the kid to bend. Slapping his ass with a weak sounding crack before he stole a messy kiss from Jonathan's lips. Swallowing every grunt and strained sound until the kid went lax. Giving way. Opening lushly from the inside out as the glide got smoother somehow. Able to feel- *God*.

He caught his reflection in the glint of Nancy's eyes. Hair mussed-up and everywhere. Shoulders hunched. Muscles bunching and releasing until he shook his head and buried his face into the crook of Jonathan's shoulder, chasing the tightness. Hips working as he gritted his teeth and just went for it. Doing what felt right in the moment as the need to go faster, deeper, more- beat an building tempo inside his head.

Jonathan warbled out a base sound when he changed the angle.

Eyes tightly closed as the slash of his mouth strangled an erotic moan.

Cock dribbling cum in a tired spurt between them as it bounced with every thrust.

Over-stimulated.

Needy.

Raw.

"Jesus-" he rasped, slowing. Head suddenly feeling too tight for the rest of him as Jonathan clenched around him. Able to feel the moment Jonathan lost it, as what felt like every muscle in the kid's body suddenly went on point. Dragging him *downdowndown*- "What was tha-"

He came so hard he saw God on the outside of his eyelids.

Nothing and everything all at once.

Leaving him to grind into the clutch of Jonathan's ass as the muscles there all but milked him dry. Pulling out only to blurt another shot of cum between the kid's abused cheeks. Watching it drip sluggishly into the crease as Nancy draped herself over his back and held on. Weighing him down until they were splayed on top Jonathan in a ranging, overheated pile. Twitching and overstimulated as his cheek found a new, comfortable home in the small of Jonathan's back. All three of them too well fucked to move.

And for the long time, neither of them said much of anything.

They didn't have to.

But still- he wasn't exactly surprised when Nancy eventually broke the silence.

"I think I get it now," she told the ceiling quietly. Playing idly with the feathers of Jonathan's hair as the kid shifted underneath him. One hand ranging out until it fell on the crux of his hip and stayed there. Every part of them actively and passively touching each other like some sort of metaphor. "The reason it never felt like enough before? I was wrong. It wasn't bullshit. I think I was just waiting for *this*. I wouldn't have been able to explain it. I don't think there's even a word for it. Maybe not yet. But this? This is it. That feeling. It's finally enough. You know?"

He smiled into the pale Jonathan's skin as the three of them started to drift off. Thinking off-hand of all the times he'd woken up to cum-slick shorts. Chasing dreams that that started out one way – kissing

Nancy on her parent's front porch - to pressing Jonathan up against the wall behind the cinema and biting a brutal kiss from his lips. Grinding into him like he was searching for some sort of truth right up until he woke up with the taste of metal in his mouth and a hard-on that wouldn't quit.

So yeah, he figured she was probably right.

Just like she always was.

A/N: Thank you for reading. Please let me know what you think! Reviews and constructive critiquing are love! – This story is now complete.

Reference:

- rampant — unbridled.